

THE ENTERPRISE

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One of the lost arts—the art of letting other people alone.

If the leggy Belgian here is to supplant the steer as food, now is his time to butt in.

"And otherwise" covers a multitude of sins in the United States Treasury Department.

The latest addition to the phraseology of ultra swiftness is "horseless-carriage people."

There have been excellent dog trainers who couldn't teach their children anything worth while.

The skin of a sea otter is worth \$1,000. With the exception of some political hides it is the most valuable ever.

A churmit has been discovered in the Colorado mountains who has forgotten his own name. Are any of our ex-vice presidents missing?

This revolution down in Colombia is getting serious. One of the insurgent chiefs fell off his horse and broke his leg day before yesterday.

It is sometimes possible to go back and say the word that was not said; but it is never possible to return and unsay what ought not to have been said.

It has been found that there is only one bathtub connected with England's greatest university. That must be the starting point of the great unwashed.

Why not have international war games? Would it not be a triumph of civilization to settle every casus belli by a contest with soft gloves for points?

Now that the salt trust is in the hands of receivers, there should be no lack of saline material to place on the tails of the other "octopuses" whose capture and subjugation is desired.

It may be all right to keep bogus money off the stage, but it is suggested that if the government wants to do the public a real service let it keep the bogus actors off the stage.

An English critic complains of the "levity with which matters of the gravest importance are treated by the American papers." Some American paper has evidently had a paragraph or two about him.

Those girls who have resolved not to marry anyone who does not belong to the union will probably accept an amendment in favor of good-looking young men who are trying to form a union.

A London critic says Richard Harding Davis is almost forgotten in England. Well, Richard has the satisfaction of knowing that it isn't every American author who can ever hope to have even that much said of him by a London critic.

When a delegation of Quakers visited William IV, their hats were taken off by one another in the ante-chamber to the throne room. At the recent general conference of the Society of Friends in New Jersey it was announced that it was no longer necessary for Quakers to wear their hats in meeting, and each man was requested to remove his own. In any condition of life, inflexible principles gain rather than lose by being clothed in flexible manners.

Almost no traveler from a foreign land comes here who does not express astonishment at our luxury. It is, at least, in certain sections of the country, the most obvious feature of our civilization. Gorgeous apparel, homes that are palaces, feasts that are frequently marked by such splendor as almost to stagger the imagination, superb equipages and a riotousness in entertainments and amusements that we have to go back centuries to find precedents for—with all these things we are painfully familiar. They have become so much a matter of course as no longer to excite much comment.

Humor is hardly the quality one expects to find on the editorial page of the London Times, yet it gives a most effective turn to a plea for the restriction of the advertising bill-board nuisance. "Let us think," says the Times, "of the opening of Gray's 'Elegy.'"

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day; The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea, The plowman homeward plods his weary way,

And leaves the world to darkness and to me— and consider whether such lines could ever have been written if the poet, musing in Stoke Pogis churchyard, had looked in one direction and seen the lowing herd winding past somebody's advertisement of a patent oil cake; in another, and seen the weary plowman considering whether he should buy some gaudily flaunted nostrum warranted to ease his weariness; in a third, and spied some garish board offering him an oil to illuminate the glimmering landscape as it faded on his sight."

Modern business is conducted on a large scale. The organization of companies capitalized high in the millions has been reported so often that it no longer occasions surprise or attracts much attention. The minds of men have stretched in pace with the growth

of industrial and financial enterprises. Nothing shows this more plainly than the equality with which the reports of present-day religious undertakings are received. The beginning of the twentieth century was marked by many of the churches as a jubilee year, and the occasion was seized as a fit one to raise special jubilee funds. Concerning the progress of this work, the Chicago Tribune has gathered some remarkable statistics. The aggregate of the funds which the church determined to raise was \$50,000,000. Of this sum \$40,000,000 have already been collected. The Methodist Church, North, has raised \$17,000,000 and the Canadian Methodists \$1,250,000. The several Methodist communions of England have contributed more than five and a half million dollars. The Presbyterians of Canada have raised nearly a million and a half; the English Congregationalists more than three millions; the English Baptists a million and a quarter, and there are still other denominations to be heard from. The purposes to which these great sums will be devoted are as various as the needs and aims of the different denominations which have gathered them, but they are all good. Such facts ought not to be forgotten. Men may pool their millions for the sake of increased profits in trade or manufacture, but they are also pooling their millions in the unselfish causes of religion and philanthropy. That, at least, is a "trust" which will not require government regulation.

That cleanliness is next to godliness was an ancient asseveration, but sanitary science is a modern invention. Some of the saints subjected themselves to voluntary self-degradation as a punishment of the senses when inclined to rebellion or luxury. One pillared member of the calendar proclaimed himself a victim of foulness in order to make more execrable the sins of the rich who had daily baths in water or wine, and whose pillows were strewn with roses removed as soon as their delicate scent began to fade. In some oriental lands the regularity of the dry season and the need of water for irrigation naturally led to neglect of the bath. In others pollution of the streams rendered the only available bathing septic. But culture is supposed to have no compromise with personal neglect. This has been supposed exceptionally true of colleges making a specialty of athletics. It is the more astonishing that investigation at Oxford by a curious American reveals an almost total lack of modern bathing facilities. An American mother recently complained of the squalid, chill, dingy and unkempt room in which her son lived under the eaves of what Ruskin calls the most beautiful street in the world, High street, Oxford, with its precious Gothic, its countless memorials of poet, sage, saint and statesman, its glory of erudition and halo of philosophy undimmed by time. At first there was a spontaneous and indignant refutation of the American mother's protest; her son, it was said, could get better by paying more. But disinterested investigation has failed to find a single bathroom properly equipped in all that unsurpassed assemblage of stones and renown, animate and inanimate. Once there were public baths, but they had to be closed for lack of support. Now the entire gowned town depends upon the bucket borne by the fags and other servants. The only hot water procurable is that boiled in a kettle in the students' own rooms. Whining aspirants for the Oxford Rhodes scholarships ought to combine before quitting the United States and arrange for importation of a few American plumbers with their kits and a cargo of porcelain and nickel or silver. This contribution to the health and self-respect of Oxford will more than repay any obligation accruing under the bequest of the South African pillager, and it will have the additional merit of disposing of a large share of the Rhodes bequest, whose dimensions perplex the executors of the will.

THE YOUNGER SCHWAB.

Like His Brother Charles, Joseph Is "One of the Captains of Industry."

When the public reads the name Schwab it thinks of the head of the great steel trust, the protégé of Carnegie and the owner of the \$3,000,000 palace now building on Riverside drive, New York. But there is another Schwab, not so prominent as the steel king, but like him a captain of industry and a conspicuous figure in the colony of American millionaires. It is Joseph E. Schwab, the younger brother, and president of the American Steel Foundries. He is one of the youngest of the coterie of steel magnates, being less than 30 years of age. With his brothers he was educated by the friars of St. Francis College, at Loretta, Pa., his specialty being civil engineering. As a young man he entered the Carnegie works, at 23 was superintendent in the works at Homestead, and, proving his adaptability and ability, became a protégé of Carnegie. In 1896 he became general superintendent of the Duquesne steel works and blast furnaces and was made a director in the Carnegie Steel Company. When the United States Steel Corporation was organized in 1901, he went to New York as assistant to his brother, and in August of the present year, when the principal steel foundries of the United States were merged, he was made president of the American Steel Foundries, the plants in combination numbering eight.



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COTTON STILL KING.

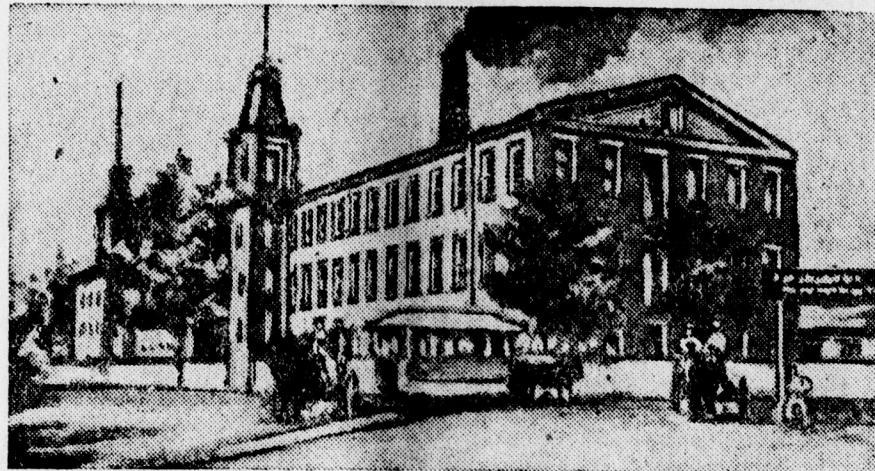
HAS THOUSANDS OF SUBJECTS IN THE SOUTH.

Industry's Great Growth—Value of Its Various Side Products—New England the Center of Nation's Cotton Business—Some Figures.

Cotton is still king in the South. The beginning of last season was full of portent of disaster, and this condition continued almost to the end. Every evil condition known to the trade either threatened or overtook the crop. But, in spite of all the drawbacks which came to the cotton season of 1901-1902, the crop was very nearly 11,000,000 bales. The price received for middling was nearly a cent a pound under that of a year before, but far higher than the average for the past five years. A good many millions of dollars of revenue came in the trade in cotton seed.

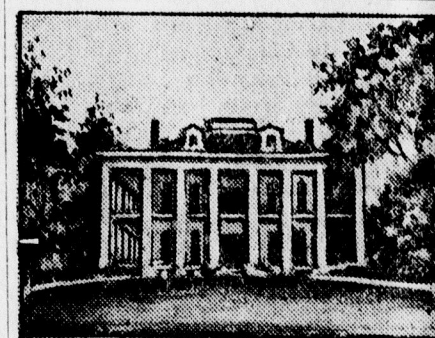
The output of the season of 1900-1901—or, rather, the consumption, both foreign and domestic, of American cotton—was 10,486,507 bales of about 500 pounds each. This was about 400,000 bales more than the previous season, and 700,000 less than the season of 1898-1899. The world's consumption of cotton from all sources, including the East Indies and Egypt, was 13,593,000 bales during the season of 1900-1901. It will thus be seen that the United States supplies about seven-eighths of all the cotton used in the world. Comparative factory figures will show where the most of it is used. In Great Britain, there are more than 46,000,000 spindles in operation; on the European continent more than 33,500,000; in the United States more than 21,000,000, and in the East Indies more than 5,000,000.

The early history of the cultivation



TYPICAL SOUTHERN COTTON FACTORY.

and manufacture of cotton is involved in obscurity, though it is generally admitted that India took the initiative in both, and attained a skill in the former which was never equaled anywhere previous to the introduction of machinery. Early in the sixteenth century—about 1521—what is believed to have been the first cotton raised in America was grown in Talbot County, Maryland. It was looked upon only as a curiosity, the plants being grown only for their blossoms. A few years prior to the War of the Revolution, some cotton was raised in Virginia and adjacent States for manufacturing purposes, and after the war its cultivation was renewed. The lint was picked from the seeds by hand and the thread was spun and cloth woven on hand looms in farmhouses. What the growth of cotton production has been



SOUTHERN PLANTATION MANSION.

since those early days is a matter of history. Now the southern part of the United States produces much the largest part of the world's cotton. India ranking second, then Egypt and Brazil, in the order named. India's quality is inferior to that of our own cotton. Conditions in the South, especially in the Mississippi Valley and among the islands along the coast, are ideal for cotton production. The yield varies from one-fourth of a bale of 500 pounds to two bales per acre. To produce a bale, about 1,500 pounds of seed cotton is necessary—500 of lint, or cotton, and 1,000 pounds of seed.

Great Britain ever has been the greatest producer of cotton fabrics since their manufacture was begun. As early as 1787, the annual importation of raw cotton into England was 22,800,000 pounds. In 1890, the consumption had reached 1,700,000,000 pounds and the value of the annual manufactured product was \$375,000,000. Since 1890, however, the expansion of the cotton business in Great Britain has not been of especially great account, though manufacturing on the Continent and in India has increased wonderfully.

The first cotton factory in America was a New England institution. In 1790, Samuel Slater erected such a building at Pawtucket, R. I. For many years progress was very slow, and the consumption of cotton had reached but 10,000 bales twenty years afterward, in 1810. The War of 1812 stimulated the home production of cotton goods by cutting off foreign manufactures, and in 1815 90,000 bales of cotton were converted into cloth.



BUSY FREIGHTING OF COTTON AT MOBILE.

Under the stimulus of favorable legislation, progress was rapid from this time on, but of course has been greatest during the last half century. In 1840 the total value of our cotton manufactures, according to census figures, was \$46,350,453. This has increased by leaps and bounds, in 1890 reaching the enormous sum of \$267,981,724. In the latter year the amount of capital in the cotton manufacturing business was \$354,020,843. Other figures of that year show that 1,200,000,000 pounds of cotton were consumed in making 3,000,000,000 square yards of cloth. In 1900 the consumption of cotton in the manufactures of the United States was about 1,860,000,000 pounds, an increase of nearly 700,000,000 pounds over 1890, with a corresponding increase in number of yards and aggregate value.

It is perhaps natural, as cotton manufacture was begun in New England,

cles coiled on a branch of a tree about ten feet above the water. I told the Indians to paddle under it so that I might kill it with a pole. They said I had better leave it alone, as it might attack us; but I persisted, and they let me have my way.

I passed forward to the bow, and with my pole struck at the snake, which uncoiled itself, raised its head, and waved it from side to side, darting out its tongue.

The canoe had drifted directly underneath when I struck the next blow, and the snake dropped instantly into the bow of the boat. I threw away my pole and hastily dodging past the men, got to the stern. The man in the bow struck at the reptile, but missed and fell overboard. The snake raised its head and came cautiously at the next man, who without delay jumped overboard. So did all the rest, and as I saw the serpent meant business, I followed them.

When I came to the surface I heard roars of laughter from the men swimming about. To have possession of the canoe did not satisfy his snakeship, for he followed up into the water, upon which we all dived.

On coming up again I heard a yell from one of the men, who on rising to the surface had lifted the snake on his shoulder. He dived quickly. The reptile swam toward the shore and we got into our canoe again. My snake-killing desires were somewhat dampened.

DRUMMING UP TRADE.

What Brisk Competition Did in a Small Vermont Town.

Competition has its uses, no doubt, but when it reaches the point where it prompts one to resort to trickery it ceases to be a benefit. A man who spends his summers in northern Vermont was a witness during his last vacation to a rivalry which was as absurd as it was unnecessary.

There are two taverns in the little town where I stay, he says, and they got along in peace and amity until a local newspaper was started, and began to publish lists of the guests at the two houses.

One of the landlords found that his list fell a little short of the other, and began to send the names of those who stayed at his hotel even for a single meal.

The other, who was off the main road, and had fewer transients but more regular boarders, was unhappy for several weeks; but after a while his list began to swell in the most surprising way. I saw it in the little paper, but I could not account for the increase.

At last I discovered that he had put a large drinking-trough in front of his hotel, with a side faucet and drinking-cup; and hanging by a chain was a little book with a pencil attached.

Travelers generally stop at the trough, and it is seldom that some one of a party does not express curiosity about the book. When it is opened the names of other travelers are discovered, and the chances are that the pencil is used again. And in the next issue of the local paper appears a long list of names under the heading, "Those who have stopped at the Spofford Inn during the last week are—" and no body can dispute it.

His "Bumps."

"That man is a phrenologist, Pat." "A what?" asked Pat, puzzled. "A phrenologist." "An' sure, what's that, sorr?" "Why, a man that can tell, by feeling the bumps on your head, what kind of a man you are." "Bumps on my head, is it?" exclaimed Pat. "Begorra, then, I think it would give him more of an idea what kind of a woman my wife is."—London Answers.

In chasing the ideal one often succeeds in catching up with the material.



SCENE AT NATCHEZ, SHOWING COTTON WHARF ON MISSISSIPPI.

SUBMISSION OR DEATH.

Savage Seri Indians of Tibouron Island May Soon Be Wiped Out.

Among the most savage tribes on the American continent to-day are the Seri Indians, who inhabit Tibouron Island, in the Gulf of California. The island contains nearly 300,000 acres of land, supposedly rich in minerals and nominally belonging to Mexico. As a matter of fact the Seris are as free from Mexican power and authority as the Eskimos, and resent any intrusion on their domain. Since their first contact with the whites the Seris have shown no disposition to accept civilizing ways and remain to-day cruel and cannibalistic.



SERI INDIAN BELLE.

Among them the brightest virtue is the shedding of alien blood. They practice polygamy. No special formalities attend the taking of supernumerary wives, who are usually the widowed sisters of the first wife, constant warfare in the tribe resulting in the rapid killing off of the men.

An expedition for the conquest of the island is being organized by a former American cowboy, Charles Meadows, and it may be that the end of the Seri Indians is near. Meadows holds a provisional grant of the island from the Mexican government, and the end of the islanders will be subjugation or extermination.

TWINS 86 YEARS OLD.

Jonas and Joel Hungerford, Active New England Farmers.

Watertown, Conn., prides itself upon having as residents the two oldest twins of all New England. They are Jonas and Joel Hungerford, 86 years old, and still hale and hearty. They are tillers of the soil and still occupy themselves with the daily tasks of the farm.

The Hungerford twins are of the same height and have the same slight stoop of the shoulders. They are both married and live about a mile and a half apart. Although they have always lived in Watertown, and the postmaster is a life-long resident of the town also, when



HUNGERFORD BROTHERS.

one of the twins goes to the postoffice for his mail the old postmaster invariably hesitates and asks, "Jonas or Joel?" The postmaster's perplexity is fully shared by all the other residents of the town.

Twenty years ago Jonas and Joel, with their families, made a trip to New York, going from Bridgeport by steamer. In the evening before boarding the boat they separated, agreeing to meet aboard. Joel reached the steamer first, Jonas having lost his way. Joel waited until a few minutes before leaving time, and then went aboard to look after his baggage. As he walked through the saloon deck he came upon a big mirror, and, advancing toward it with outstretched hands, exclaimed, "Jonas, how in the world did you get on the boat?" Joel is still fond of relating this little incident, even though the laugh was on himself.

"We are the oldest twins in Connecticut," says Jonas, "and we hope to claim that title for a long time to come, for neither of us has been ill in nearly forty years."

NEW NATIONAL COMMANDER OF UNION VETERAN LEGION.

George W. Spahr, the newly elected national commander of the Union Veteran Legion, is a distinguished lawyer of Indianapolis, is post commander of the George H. Thomas post of that city, and has an enviable war record.



GENERAL GEORGE W. SPAHR.

In 1861, at the age of 20, he enlisted in the famous Third Indiana Cavalry, which immortalized itself in many battles, notably those of "Wilson's raid." He was present on most of the historic fields of the Shenandoah and in the Virginias, until mustered out. Since the war he has been an enthusiast in army matters.

Where Shots Strike.

Of every one hundred and ten shots which strike some soldier, forty-three will lodge in the legs, thirty-three will lodge in the arms, twenty-two strike between neck and waist, one in the neck, and eleven shots some part of the soldier's head.

There are so many more things in the world to be laughed at when a girl is with a young man than when she is with her father and mother.

WHEN YOU WENT AWAY.

"Twas on a day like this, dear Heart,
You went away.
Though spring, a child was in the air,
The sky was gray.
The earth before that sad, sad time
Had scattered light
And left the fragrant meadows green
In but a night.

But on the day you went, dear Heart,
A breath of snow
Fell from the whitening beard of time;
A sudden gloom
Withered the joy within my life
And left it gray,
And made me old with sadness, when
You went away.

I cannot now be brave, dear Heart;
The sadness still
Speaks to me in mournful whispers
From wood and hill;
On the sky the autumn shadows
Trail their gray—
The sun can't shine, until to you
I go away.
—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Two Alternatives

AND now, Jack, what can I do?
He follows me everywhere, and
he stands around and ogles me
with that detestable "baby stare" of his,
and—and—you're laughing, Jack! You
are as mean as you can be to laugh
when I come to you for advice."

Esther stamped her foot. Jack Ormsby
leaned against the veranda railing
and watched her with amused eyes.

"I can't help smiling, Esther, but I
can appreciate the irritation poor Hal-
lowell must cause you."

"Irritation!" A world of emphasis
entered into the word. "And just be-
cause I was foolish enough to let him
propose to me!" she wailed.

"Well, of course," Jack said slowly,
"you must expect to have your scalps
cost you a little something, Essie."

"He doesn't say anything," exclaimed the
girl. If he did, it would give me a
chance to tell him what I think of his
dogging my footsteps everywhere."

"It certainly is a case of 'the villain
still pursued her,'" Ormsby said. "What
do you want me to do, Essie—call him
out and plug him full of holes?"

"Ugh! Don't be so vulgar! I don't
want you to do anything but tell me
what to do to get rid of him."

Jack was almost the only man she
knew well who had not proposed to
her. Men had fallen before her charms,
had said their little piece (and some
said it rather well, she had to admit to
herself), and gone their way, and until
now no man had really been able to
trouble her serenity.

"Do think of something, Jack," she
pleaded. "It's been three months now
since he—he—"



WITH A SWIFT DIVE ORMSBY SEIZED
THE REINS.

"Since he said the momentous words
which made him—not yours, eh?" And
Ormsby laughed, but his hands trem-
bled as he shifted the cane a little.

"Don't be absurd! He doesn't want
me any more than other men do."

"Whew! Your serene conceit is cer-
tainly charming, Essie."

"Don't be unkind. You know it's
true," she said, calmly. "Any woman
with fluffy hair and blue eyes can bring
men to her feet. Only you don't get
foolish and propose to me, Jack."

"No. I don't propose to you," he
said quite calmly.

"And that's why I like you."
"Then I'll try not to make you dis-
like me. But what can I do to poor
Hallowell? A cat may look at a king!"

But Esther interrupted snappish-
ly.

"That's no reason why a calf should
look at me all the time!"

"Poor girl! You're finding it mighty
hard getting away from the conse-
quences of your own sin, eh?"

"What sin have I committed?" she
demanded, with conscious innocence.

"Is it a sin to refuse to marry a man
you don't want?"

"No-o. But how about—well, not ex-
actly leading him on to proposing—
but—"

"She favored him with a frigid look.
"I beg your pardon, Mr. Ormsby," she
observed.

"Well, you needn't," he said quietly.
"You expect plain talk from people
whose advice you ask, don't you? No
man will ever ask a woman to marry
him if she doesn't give him the oppor-
tunity."

"That is different; but such remarks
as you are making now are hardly in
the nature of advice, Jack."

"Well, I don't see that there's much
you can do," he drawled, and his eyes
began to twinkle. "There seems to be
but two courses to pursue, and two
only."

"Oh, here's your Sultan and the run-
about!" suddenly cried Esther, clasp-
ing her hands and springing up. "Are
you going to take me to ride, Jack?"

"Well, it's what I came around for,

ARMY PRIVATE GETS RICH

Invented a Cooking Range
and Got \$200,000 Worth
of Government Contracts.



From the position of private in the regular army of the United States at a
salary of \$13 a month to that of government contractor in transactions involving
thousands upon thousands of dollars is a broad leap for a man to take in a few
short years. Yet such success has been accomplished by a young man whose
home is now in Chicago. His name is Francis H. Buzzacott.

Mr. Buzzacott rose from the rank of private to the position of an opulent con-
tractor through the instrumentality of patents secured by him on a unique concep-
tion of cooking range for use by the army in the field. For years he fought and
struggled against reverses and infringements, and is just now beginning to enjoy
the fruits of his unique career. Within the last few days he closed a contract
with the War Department for 800 of the ranges patented by him, and this deal
involves returns amounting to \$27,000, a sum sufficient to round out a snug \$200,000
which the soldier-contractor has received from the government within the last
two years.

The range which has been responsible for the remarkable rise of Mr. Buzzacott
is an ingenious affair, popular with the War Department because it is com-
pact, portable, extremely durable, and simplifies cooking in the field and open air.
It is made of malleable iron, which can be beaten and pounded with sledges,
but which will not break. When in transit the range forms a chest in which are
packed the boilers, pans and other cooking paraphernalia for 100 men. It re-
quires no packing, burns any kind of fuel, can be got ready for cooking in five
minutes after being taken from a wagon or train, and as quickly taken down and
loaded again if an emergency should arise. The range is made in three sizes.
One for twenty-five men is intended for the medical department, another for six
men is for officers and special detachments, while the third, with a cooking ca-
pacity of 100 men, is for troop, battery or company use.

but your tale of woe about knocked it
out of my head."

The negro from the stable leaped out
and held the big bay's head. Esther
ran down to the gate, forgetting the be-
ruffled parasol lying on the veranda.
Ormsby followed lazily.

"Feeling pretty gay, isn't he, Jack-
son?" he asked, pulling on a glove and
looking at Sultan, who danced charm-
ingly to the accompaniment of little
squeals of delight from Esther.

"Yes, sah; he do, sah."

"Hop in, Essie," Ormsby said, hold-
ing out his hand to assist her. Then,
he added, "Speaking of angels, there's
Hallowell now."

A fresh faced young fellow cantered
by on a fine horse and lifted his hat
seriously. A little way beyond he pulled
in the animal, and dismounted as
though he would come back to speak to
the couple at the runabout.

"Do hurry up!" exclaimed Esther un-
der her breath. "What shall I do to
get rid of him, Jack? You said there
were two ways. What are they?"

"Well, and Ormsby buttoned the
glove slowly and put one foot on the
step of the runabout, "you might marry
him to get rid of him."

"No, thank you!" she exclaimed, pout-
ing and tossing her head. Then she
started and looked toward the house.
"Oh, Jack—my parasol! I shall want
it."

Ormsby had already leaned forward
to seize the reins. He glanced at the
colored man. "Miss Dingley's parasol
is on the veranda, Jackson," he said.

The man dropped Sultan's bridle.
Like a flash the bay threw up his head
and started.

The lines had not been quite within
Ormsby's grasp. His foot slipped from
the step. He made a leap to reach the
carriage, but Sultan swung into a long
stride on the instant and fairly snatched
the runabout from under his mas-
ter's grasp.

"The reins, the reins! Quick, Essie!"
Ormsby cried.

Thank God, she knew what he meant
and seized the reins before they slipped
over the dashboard to dangle about Sul-
tan's heels and drive him mad with ter-
ror. But the horse knew instantly that
an unfamiliar hand held the reins, and
he increased his trot to a gallop.

Esther told herself that she would
not be frightened and she drew the
lines in firmly and said, "Whoa!"

But Sultan saw no reason for "whoa-
ing" just then. There was a long stretch
of dusty, sunlit road before him, and
he seized the bit in his strong teeth, and
bolted. He flew by Hallowell's mount
with a rush and set that creature to
dancing. Hallowell hung on to the
leather and stared with round eyes af-
ter the runaway.

His astonishment was vastly increas-
ed when a second whirlwind reached
him. Ormsby went at him as though
he was playing football.

He snatched the bridle from Hal-
lowell's hand, and that young man was
sent rolling in the dust as Jack leaped
astride and set the now frightened ani-
mal after the bolting Sultan.

The road for a mile was clear, but
where it joined the boulevard beyond
Ormsby knew the runaway would

burst into a tangle of carriage of all
descriptions, and the end would be se-
rious. He didn't know much about the
soundness of Hallowell's mount, but he
would have made an asthmatic old
car horse do stunts just then.

Like the wind he rode, and his
mount's nose soon came up to Esther's
shoulder. Foot by foot he gained on
Sultan, and then, with a swift dive,
Ormsby seized the reins, which Esther
had continued to cling to with all her
little might. A strong pull on both
horses, and Sultan instantly recognized
the fact that all his fun was over.

He slowed down and in half a block,
and just before the junction with the
boulevard, stopped, as gentle as a lamb.
For a minute they gazed at each other.

"Well," Ormsby said at last, "you
came near escaping the pursuit of the
villain that time, Essie, for good and
all."

Esther's eyes grew luminous. "And
you dared suggest that I marry him!"
she said, catching her breath.

"Well, you know there was an alter-
native."

"And that is?" still looking at him.

"That you might marry me to get rid
of him. That—that would be effectual,
wouldn't it?"

Another breath of silence, and then
Esther murmured, "Well, Jack, dear,
we might try it!"—Homefolks.

BLIND BANK PRESIDENT.

Loss of Sight No Apparent Handicap
to This Business Man.

The only bank in the United States,
if not in the world, which has a blind
man for President, is the Second Na-
tional Bank of Orange, N. J. Hubert
L. Pierson is that man. For 14 years
Mr. Pierson has been totally blind.

Instead of causing a retrograde move-
ment in Mr. Pierson's business af-
fairs, the accident which caused him
to lose entirely the sight of both eyes
seemed rather to

impel him to push forward in the com-
mercial world. This enterprising blind
man conducts an extensive business
aside from his work connected with the
bank. He owns two flour and feed
mills, which he personally manages, be-
sides attending to the affairs of his
bank. At his office he looks after his
many real estate transactions; he con-
ducts an extensive brokerage business
and owns large pieces of valuable prop-
erty, both in and out of town. He at-
tends carefully to all investments and
conducts personally all contracts of
sales. In his business transactions he
is so accurate and conducts every step
with so much sureness that those who
are not personally acquainted with him
often do not suspect that he is blind.

Power from an Artesian Well.
A wood-working machine at St. Au-
gustine, Fla., is driven by water flow-
ing from an artesian well. This is the
only instance known of power being de-
rived from a flowing well.

Hubert L. Pierson.

ence was apparent in the White House
restoration after it was burned by the
British in 1814, and he was especially
in favor of the colonnaded walks pro-
jecting east and west, which are the
chief features of this latter day renova-
tion. By means of these extensions
and by the rehabilitation of the base-
ment, hitherto devoted to ignoble uses
in the domestic economy, the White
House will be made to face about to-
ward the Potomac, as projected by Ho-
ban, and will present its back to Penn-
sylvania avenue. All the bigwigs of
Washington, the ambassadors, Sup-
reme Court Justices and diplomats in
general, will be driven to the reno-
vated east entrance and enter the base-
ment before being admitted to the
grand reception room in the second
story. And this reception room, like
the grand east room, will be so thor-
oughly changed as to be hardly recog-
nizable.

I confess to a feeling of amazement
as well as of bewilderment when I en-
tered the executive mansion the other
day and gazed about me. In common
with the rest of the world, diplomats,
princes, servants and the public gener-
ally had previously been admitted at
the entrance underneath the great
north portico; but now all this is
changed. Instead of elbowing your
way through the crowds assembled at

NEW WHITE HOUSE.

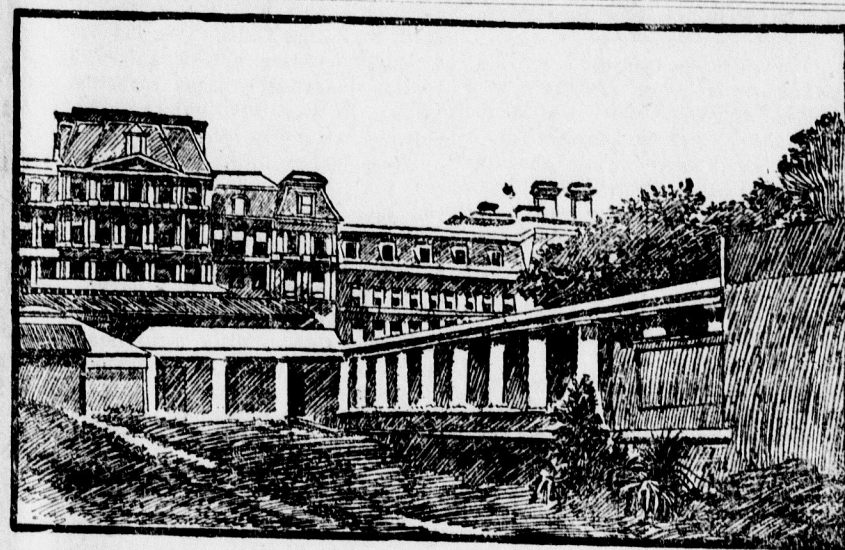
REVERSION TO ORIGINAL PLANS
IN ITS RESTORATION.

Nearly Every President or President's
Wife Since Adams' Time Has Had a
Try at "Improving" the Executive
Mansion.

Washington correspondence:

It is a speaking commen-
tary on the state of
architecture as an art
to-day that in the resto-
ration of the White
House now pro-
gressing the original
architectural plans
are being followed in almost ev-
ery particular. In the first place, there
has been a turning
about, so to speak,
of the White House
itself, so that what
we have for so
many years regarded as the front is
relegated to the rear and comparative
obscurity and what has been looked
upon as the rear portion of the execu-
tive mansion is now restored to its
place of honor, as primarily intended.
James Hoban, the architect, with
whom President Washington consult-
ed long and seriously, was a master of
his art, as this tribute to his genius
now shows.

It is 110 years since Washington laid
the cornerstone and 102 since John
Adams went to the White House to re-
side, or, rather, to camp, the mansion
being so cold and damp that a literal
house-warming was going on all the
time. Up to that time its cost had
been about \$250,000, but up to the pres-
ent the total expenditure, including the



COLONNADE CONNECTING THE TWO "WHITE HOUSES."

last appropriation of \$500,000, will not
fall short of \$2,000,000. Nearly every
President or President's wife since
Adams' time has had a try at "im-
proving" the White House, and the
last to have this privilege is Mrs.
Roosevelt, who shows herself more
radical and far-reaching than any of
her predecessors.

Talented Thomas Jefferson's influ-

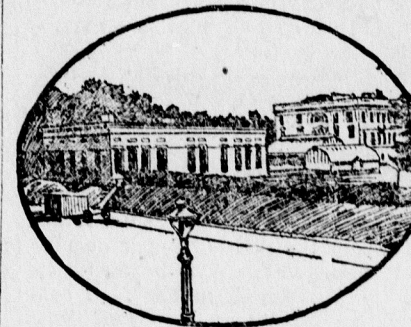


REPLACING FOUNDATION OF EAST WING

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restoration after it was burned by the
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day and gazed about me. In common
with the rest of the world, diplomats,
princes, servants and the public gener-
ally had previously been admitted at
the entrance underneath the great
north portico; but now all this is
changed. Instead of elbowing your
way through the crowds assembled at

the public receptions and fighting your
way out through the doorway which at
the same time afforded ingress and
egress you will be ushered in at one
entrance and shown out at another. One
will feel rather lonesome, of course,
not to have his ribs punched and his
toes trodden on, but the behest has
gone forth, and the fiat is said to be
final. Prestige will count for nothing
with the committee of abolishment,
and relies hitherto regarded as some-
what sacred from association with Lin-
coln, Grant, Arthur, Hayes, Harrison,
et al., have been ruthlessly swept
away, even the opalescent screen that
divided the great corridor and made
the space so limited at receptions.



LITTLE WHITE HOUSE, OLD WHITE HOUSE.

Half a million dollars is a goodly
sum to be spent in the renovation of
a single structure even if it be the
executive mansion of a big nation like
ours, but it is hoped that this last over-
turning will suffice and that the next
incumbents of the White House will
accept the art and architectural deci-
sions as final—at least for another de-
cade or so. The conservatory has been
taken bodily away, the state banquet
room has been changed so that no for-
mer visitant to the mansion would
know it, and as to the east room it has
never had such an overhauling since
the virtuous Abigail Adams hung up
her "weekly wash" to dry within its

WHERE GREELEY WAS A PUPIL.

Old School House Where the Great
Editor Studied.

In the town of Burlington, N. H.,
near the southern line, there stands an
old building in which the illustrious
Horace Greeley once attended school.
This ancient institution of learning
stands in a lone pasture, and surround-
ed by grazing sheep and inhabited now
by bats and owls, it still retains a halo
of respect from those who are acquaint-
ed with its history. The building is
more than a hundred years old, and
though the outside has fallen in in
many places the frame will probably
stand for many years more.

The single apartment is lathed and
plastered, overhead the walls are
sheathed with very wide pine boards
with strips of cloth pasted over the
cracks, and the whole papered with
newspapers. Some of these papers were
found bearing dates as early as 1861,
and underneath these others yellowed
with age and past deciphering. Two
small windows, one on each side of the
room, furnish the only light, and a door
leading into the narrow entry, the exit.
The huge fireplace has been removed.

One who attended school and after-
ward taught in this schoolhouse, many
years ago, thus described its construc-
tion and the methods employed when
young Horace attended the school, and
for many years after that date:

"On three sides of the room, and close
against the wall, was a low, slanting
shelf, which served as a desk for those
who wrote. The seats were made of
slabs inverted, and without backs. The
older pupils sat along the sides of the
room, the girls on one side and the boys



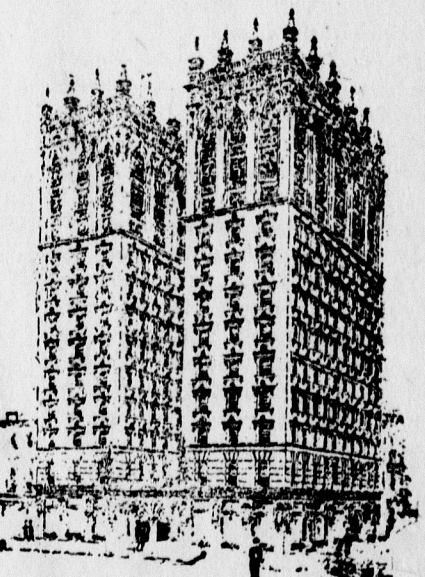
WHERE GREELEY WENT TO SCHOOL.

on the other. The youngest sat nearest
the fire, where they were as much too
warm as those who sat nearest the door
were too cold. In this little room there
would assemble during the winter term
forty or fifty pupils. Of this number,
one-fourth perhaps would be grown-up,
marriageable young men and women,
and frequently married men and wom-
en attended the school in the winter
term.

"The teacher was, perhaps, one of the
farmer's sons in the district or a stu-
dent, working his way through college.
The qualification necessary for him to
secure a school and 'keep it' was the
ability to do any sum in arithmetic; his
compensation was \$10 or \$12 per month
and board. The last part of the contract
he obtained by 'boarding around,' that
is, he lived a few days in each family
in the district, the length of time in
each place being in proportion to the
number of pupils.

"During the winter of 1821-2 young
Horace attended this school. He lived
with his uncle, Benjamin Robinson,
who owned a farm on the bank of the
Contoocook river, a mile and a half
from the schoolhouse. This uncle also
owned a saw and grist mill. Of these
buildings those that were not carried
away by freshets have fallen to decay
and disappeared, so there remain only
a cellar hole and a few trees, which sur-
rounded the house, to mark the spot
where once stood a happy home and a
business enterprise."

DESIGN FOR A HOTEL AT THE ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR.



In anticipation of the coming Louis-
iana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis
a large number of big hotel projects
have been launched. One of the most
pretentious of the proposed buildings is
the design shown above. It will occu-
py a prominent corner and be unusually
ornate for this class of structure. The
plans call for a 14-story building, the
cost, it is said, to approximate \$1,000,-
000.

All Qualified.

Senator Proctor of Vermont is report-
ed by a Western weekly paper to have
said that the finest speech he ever made
consisted of only four words.

Senator Hoar, in a speech in the
course of which he chaffed good-natur-
edly the Senator from the Green Moun-
tain State, made this little thrust:

"No man in Vermont is allowed to
vote unless he has made five thousand
dollars trading with Massachusetts peo-
ple."

Senator Proctor retorted, "And we all
vote!"

Some men have the misfortune to al-
ways have a job and greatly envy the
fellows who cannot find work.

THE ENTERPRISE.

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E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1902.

Thanksgiving was generally observed and enjoyed this year by all classes and kinds of people. The past year has witnessed an immense growth of business, and trade throughout the country. Money has found thousands of new and profitable channels for investments, work has been plentiful, wages advanced and the price of products of farm and factory remunerative.

Our own town has shared in the general good. Many new houses have been built and new homes set up. A new church building has been erected. Our schoolhouse debt has been paid off. The business at the water front has grown by leaps and bounds. The Southern Pacific has built a large oil fuel tank east of town. A blast furnace has been nearly completed for testing a new process of ore reduction which, if successful, will add another large industry to our resources, and last a new plant has been located here in the way of steel works, which will be in operation within six months.

In 1896 the Populist party started in to do business in National politics and began by forming a political partnership with the old-time rock-ribbed Democracy. The Populist leaders flattered themselves and tickled their followers with boast that Populism would quickly do away with Democracy by swallowing it. It was a very pretty boast, and the cry was taken up by another and smaller gang of political Ishmaelites known as Silver Republicans. In 1900 the fusion delusion was kept alive and a few scattering members of Congress and an occasional United States Senator went to Washington wearing the appellation of Populist or Silver Republican.

This year the phenomenon known as Populist and Silver Republican has completely disappeared. There is at present no member of Congress nor United States Senator who is willing to be known as a Populist or a Silver Republican. There has been some swallowing done by the National Democratic party.

The Union Labor leaders in this State have started out with the same program, attempted by the Populist party, and it will have the same ending. The result will be that the leaders will in the end land squarely in the Democratic camp, whilst the greater body of the working men will return to the Republican ranks.

BLOCK SIGNAL SYSTEM FOR DOUBLE TRACK

The block signal men of the Southern Pacific have already been over the ground and have laid out the places where these signals will be located. When this will be established it will be the first system installed upon a double track road in the State. The signal system is already completed and in use on the double track outside of San Francisco, and the workmen will be employed on the rest of the road as soon as it is finished.

The block signal system consists of a pole with a projecting arm. This is set at intervals along the line and places where the engineer and trainmen cannot see around curves or other obstructions. For trains running east the signal will be on the right and for trains running west the block will be located on the left.

The semaphore signal, as the whole block system is composed of consists of a long pole having an arm which is controlled by the operator or person in charge. When the arm is extended horizontally, or a combination green and red light is displayed by night, it shows that the train approaching must not pass the light until it is lowered to an inclined position.

This is only done when a train is in that block, and until it is lowered by the controlling apparatus of the man in the station ahead the train cannot pass.

The block system is in use on all the large railroads of the East and by its use many accidents are prevented.—Leader, San Mateo.

A NEW TOWN AT BURLINGAME.

Within the past few weeks certain matters have transpired which add strength to the belief expressed in these columns some time ago, that among the improvements to be noted in this section in the near future is a

new town in the vicinity of the Burlingame station. In fact, a gentleman who claims to know whereof he speaks says such is the intention.

A large portion of the Corbett tract has lately passed into the possession of a syndicate, at the head of which is Henry T. Scott of the Union Iron works, and it is said before long a townsite will be laid out and a row of brick buildings for business purposes will be constructed. Lots will be offered for sale to those who wish to build homes at reasonable prices, and especial inducements will be offered the mechanics of the great manufacturing establishments of the metropolis to locate their homes there.—Leader, San Mateo.

The Profitable Sausage.

For the amount of meat used the sausage is the most profitable legacy of the hog. Fully fifty different kinds of this suspected article are manufactured to suit the taste of many peoples—for Italians, with a dominating measure of garlic; for Germans, hard and fatty; for Frenchmen, dry and well larded; for Americans, well spiced, and all of these in several grades. Whatever meat cannot be used otherwise is consigned to the sausage, although for no other reason than that every diminutive piece is a salable ham, head and foot trimmings and the odd remnants from the butcher's block. Potato, flour, spices and water are mixed with the meat, which has been finely chopped by rocking knives, and a steam driven piston forces the mass into the casings, whereupon it becomes sausage. The casings are the intestines of the hog, thoroughly scraped and washed by mechanical process. The pig's snout does not escape—that would be a gross oversight—so it is trimmed off and sold as a pickling "delicacy" to new Americans with unpronounceable names.—Century.

Very Awkward.

A young recruit was set on sentry go and was, of course, new to his duty. A good natured comrade brought him a sandwich, and the recruit was about to eat it when the major appeared. As the officer was in mufti the sentry did not recognize him and did not salute. The major took in the situation and asked:

"What's that?"

"A sandwich," replied the recruit.

"Have a bit?"

"Do you know who I am?" asked the major.

"Don't know you from a crow. Perhaps you're the major's coachy."

"No; I'm not."

"His groom perhaps?"

"No; try again."

"Perhaps the old chap himself?"

"Right this time," said the major.

"Oh, good gracious!" exclaimed the frightened sentry. "Hold the sandwich while I present arms!"—London Answers.

Applying the Argument.

There are times when one pursues an admirable course of reasoning with a child only to find that it results in his own undoing.

"I don't want to wear my old hat to church," said eight-year-old Gladys, "not even if it does rain. The trimming on that hat is all worn out, mother."

"It's the best thing for you to wear on a day like this," said her mother firmly, "and you must remember that it's the inside and not the outside—that is unseen, not what is seen—that God looks at, my little girl."

"Yes'm," said Gladys eagerly, "I do remember, but the lining of that hat is worn even worse than the trimming is!"—Youth's Companion.

Origin of "Watered Stock."

The expression "watered stock," which describes so well the expansion of the stock of a company beyond the value of the property, originated, it is said, in connection with Daniel Drew, who was once the wealthiest and most unique manipulator in Wall street. Drew had been a drover in his younger days, and it was said of him that before selling his cattle in the market he would first give them large quantities of salt to make them thirsty and then provide them with all the water they could drink. In this way their weight was greatly increased, and the purchaser was buying "watered stock."—Leslie's Weekly.

Old Polo.

In "The Arabian Nights" we read of a wise sage who cured a great king by a decoction with which he anointed the handle of a stick with which the king was in the habit of playing a game at ball, to the end that when the royal hand perspired in the vigor of the play the open pores might receive the medicine.

The translator speaks of this stick as a "golf stick" (sic), but it is plain from the context that the game was played on horseback. It was, in fact, polo. Indeed the illustrations of the very same edition show the said king playing the game on horseback.

The keeping of canaries seems to be a fairly expensive luxury. To start with, a really good bird will cost \$50. You can easily spend more, but \$50 will buy a fairly good Norwich bred bird. The food the bird requires consists of various delicacies in the form of rye, bread, rice, meal and vegetables. Canaries are liable to all sorts of ailments, and this, of course, necessitates further expense, for the treatment of these complaints is anything but cheap. Of course, no fancier of canaries would be content with one bird; he must have at least a dozen, and the cost of some of these will certainly run to \$75. Fifteen hundred dollars per annum could easily be spent in this manner without a very big show for the money.—London Tatler.

DOINGS OF WOMEN

"NEW" WOMAN ON THE FARM.

THERE is considerable significance in the fact that this year over fifty girls have taken up the study of scientific farming at the Minneapolis College of Agriculture and have thus announced their intention to adhere to country life. The college, it seems, has been in existence for the past decade, but girls have only recently been admitted. The character of the instruction available to the girl students is suggestive. The course presented emphasizes the sciences of botany, chemistry, physics and geology requiring during the freshmen and sophomore years at least two terms' work in each of them. Boys and girls work together. It seems, throughout about two-thirds of the entire course, which includes study in language, mathematics, science, civics, and considerable technical work. In the case of the girls cooking, laundrying and sewing are substituted for carpentry, blacksmithing and veterinary science. The girls, too, give more attention to household art, home economy and domestic hygiene than to the business aspect of farming.

It is happily the chief purpose of the college to awaken in its entire student body a keen interest in farming, farm life, the farm house and farm society. Both boys and girls are taught to plan farm buildings and how to lay out the grounds artistically. Considerable attention is given to the furnishing of houses, to literature, music and social culture, with the general thought "of making the farm home the most attractive spot on earth." The result of the new movement is being watched with keen interest by agriculturists and educators. It is evident that should it prove successful the innovation will spread to other agricultural States. Its influence, one readily apprehends, is apt to be social as well as agricultural in character. Heretofore one great drawback to farming has been the difficulty of keeping the farmers' sons on the farm. With trained and educated girls enthusiastically taking up the profession of farming, it is pointed out that life in the country would take on a new charm and that the exodus of young men to cities would be materially lessened. It is difficult to forecast the outcome. But it is pleasant to think that we may be coming close to the long-sought solution of the problem of cities.—Boston Transcript.

Woman Holds Office in Alabama.

For the first time in its history a woman holds a State office in Alabama. She is Miss J. Nicholene Bishop, and she was recently appointed a member of the State Examining Board of School Teachers. Her selection for the position caused considerable surprise and considerable gratification, too, and now that the ice has been broken it is expected that women of Alabama will soon become numerous.

The right to hold such office, however, does not imply the right to vote, the Alabama law apparently being the same as that in Indiana, under which women may hold any office under the school laws, but cannot vote for any public office. The only States in the American Union where the full right of suffrage exists are Colorado, Idaho, Utah and Wyoming, and there women can vote for all public officers, including Presidential electors. Indeed in Utah and Wyoming woman suffrage is a constitutional provision.

Where Women May Not Pray.

There is a practically universal prohibition against women praying in Mohammedan countries. They are not admitted beyond the thresholds of the mosques; but, on the other hand, the Koran distinctly encourages women to pray in private. Some Hindoo congregations deny the privilege of prayer to their women altogether. Among the Aini, a race supposed to be the aborigines of Japan, women are not permitted to pray or offer sacrifice except in rare cases as the deputies of their husbands. The reason for this practice is that the Aini women are not supposed to possess souls, and therefore their prayers would be quite unavailing. Among the natives of Madagascar women are permitted to pray, but only to the powers of evil, a kind of intercessory prayer. Only men are permitted to address prayers directly to the Supreme Being.

System in Housework.

The good housewife makes plans over night for the work which must be done the following day. Probably a considerable share of it falls to a special day in each week, but there will be a number of things to do which are out of the regular routine, and for these she must plan so that she will not have them all crowding upon her at once and either being neglected because they are so many or taken in hand and carried through at the cost of health and spirits.

A desire for economy sometimes will

incite a woman to a most foolish expenditure of energy, which is really a very bad kind of extravagance. For instance, she has been particularly busy all day and is feeling tired, when in comes a neighbor who tells her of the great flannel sale. In a moment she thinks of little Popsy's flannel petticoats—the child really must have new ones—and off she rushes to secure the material and returns, delighted to have got it at a few pennies under the usual price. As a matter of fact, that flannel was a dear purchase. It was like the proverbial straw which broke the camel's back, for the next day the housewife is either moping about, feeling incapable of work, or she is prostrated with a severe headache. Planning would save this kind of thing and prevent the crowding into one day the work of two.

In planning and estimating a day's work some allowance should always be made for interruptions and for the work taking longer than was anticipated. With too many "irons in the fire" such hindrances as a visitor or having to console a crying child in some little trouble make it difficult to keep that calm, sweet temper which is necessary to the woman who is not merely the mainspring of the machinery of the household, but its good angel, who makes it home indeed to all who dwell there.



Wooden kneading boards for bread are declared unsanitary.

Nut and fruit sandwiches should go into the school lunch basket.

Pour boiling water over raisins before seeding them. It's easier.

Dates stuffed with marshmallow paste make a tempting dessert.

Sugar added to the water used for basting meat adds to the flavor.

For quick breads and batters baking powder instead of yeast is used.

Almost any cold vegetable makes a delicious salad if attractively arranged.

Cooking adds to the digestibility of nuts, and many sorts should be ground before being eaten.

For an appetizing lunch have scalloped tomatoes, beef croquettes, peas, and apple fritters.

Crystallized strawberries are among the most liked fruits. Served in ice cream they are delicious.

Mushrooms are sometimes pickled only in brine and are useful in gravies in the winter and sometimes in vinegar.

A fine cranberry jam calls for one quart cranberries, three-quarters of a pint of water, one pound white sugar. Boil twenty minutes.

If you wish delicious fried halibut cut the steak into pieces two inches square; season with salt and pepper and dip in a beaten egg and then bread crumbs; fry in deep fat, drain on paper, and garnish with parsley and lemon.

This Great Mistake.

To the average woman her husband's work is a black letter book which she rarely attempts to open. If it renders unto the house and the necessities of life the things that she looks upon as neutral, she is content. When the man wants sympathy with his plans or aspirations he is too frequently compelled to go to his men associates—or to some other woman. I have seen the rocks poke their heads out of an otherwise pleasant matrimonial sea solely for this reason.

The woman looked upon the work which made the man's place in life as nothing more than a certain capacity for a earning money. To train her mind to a proper understanding of that work, to enter into its joys and failures with unqualified and wise sympathy, never grew in her mind as one of its sweetest duties. The attitude at once created a barrier hard to break down, spreading every day until each thought it a necessity.

"Men will never talk to women with the rough frankness which they use between themselves. Conversation between the sexes will always be partially insincere," says Hamerton. I hope to see the day when "never" and "always" can be stricken from these two sentences and woman will aim to be a real comrade, without being any less a woman.

How to Go Upstairs.
The wrong way to go upstairs, according to a physical culture teacher, is to lean over, contract the chest, hoop the shoulders and bend the whole body forward from the waist. The person who goes upstairs in this way will be exhausted at the top of even a short flight. Yet stair-climbing, properly done, is considered a good exercise. The head should be erect, the chest expanded, the shoulders back, with no bend whatever of the body at the waist. With this poise put the whole weight on the ball of the foot and do not touch the step with the heel and note the springiness felt at every footfall.

A Love Potion.

One of the leading sources of income to the old herbalist was the compounding of love powders for despondent swains and heart-sick maidens. If a powder would not bring the desired relief, various juices of roots and herbs were mingled in a potion and sold as the love phial. Here is an old recipe: "Mistletoe berries (not exceeding nine in number) are steeped in an equal mixture of wine, bee, vinegar and honey."

"This taken on an empty stomach before going to bed will cause dreams of your future destiny (provided you retire before 12 o'clock) either on Christmas eve or on the first and third of a new moon." Perhaps as a lingering remnant of this absurdity there is a current notion in some parts of the world today that a whole mince pie eaten at midnight will cause the reappearance of long departed friends, not to mention the family physician and the more interested members of the household.

Loading Satan Down.

"Lightning knocked the church steeple down," some one said to Brother Dickey. "Yes; Satan's eyes always flash fire when he sees a church steeple gwine up." "And here's a colored brother killed another at a camp meeting." "Yes; Satan goes ter meetin' 'long wid de res' er dem en sometimes shouts de loudes." "And a preacher was drowned in the river last week." "Oh, yes; Satan in de water too. He 'bloege ter go dar ter cool off." "So you blame everything on Satan, do you?" "Bless God!" was the reply. "Ain't dat what be's fer?"

The day that the boy baby puts on his first pants his mother begins to feel that there are two men in the house.—Atchison Globe.

South San Francisco Laundry

C. GRAF, Prop'r.
Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of **Flannels and Silks.**
All Repairing Attended to
Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at **BADEN CASH STORE,** South San Francisco, Cal.

UNION COURSING PARK

The Finest Inclosed **COURSING PARK** In the World
IS NOW IN OPERATION AT
COLMA, SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.
ADMISSION 25 CENTS. Ladies and Children Free.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, REAL ESTATE

INSURANCE

LOCAL AGENT FOR THE
South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.

...AGENT...
HAMBURG-BREMEN, PHOENIX of Hartford, Connecticut, AND HOME of New York

House Broker, Notary Public.

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,
Corner Grand and Linden Avenue, SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL

TOWN NEWS

Buy a lot.
Build a home.
How about that home company?
Look out for a rise in real estate.
No more dust nor flies nor fleas for six months.
P. F. Roberts of Millbrae was in town Sunday.
Frank Bastine arrived from Chicago on Tuesday.
Another factory coming to town. We'll swear it by Jupiter.

The Central Hotel property owned by F. C. Siebe has been sold.
Hugh Devers of San Francisco paid our town a visit last Sunday.

Big stock, bedrock rates at Debenedetti & Montevaldo's new store.
The big S. P. tank is finished and the boiler-makers have departed.

Born, in this town, November 19th, to the wife of John Fischer, a son.

Parties interested in the new blast furnace paid that plant a visit Tuesday.

Frank Clawson is enlarging his dwelling house on Commercial avenue.

John Schirck has built an addition to his plumber's shop in the way of a dwelling and stable.

Work was resumed on the county roads and hauling rock to the electric railroad on Tuesday last.

Dick Williamson has located at Bakersfield and is working on one of the numerous big oil tanks in that oleaginous burg.

Don't go away from home for holiday goods when you can find anything you want at the People's Store, and get it at city prices.

The Jupiter Steel men were out Thursday making surveys on their factory site preparatory to beginning work of construction.

Mrs. Catherine Sheehan has been quite ill the past week and on Tuesday went to St. Mary's Hospital, San Francisco, for treatment.

Some one broke into the room and trunk of John Seiber at the Armour Hotel on the 20th inst. and stole \$34 Mr. Seiber had put away in his trunk.

V. Bianchi has remodeled and reconstructed the interior of his place on Grand avenue. Hereafter Mr. Bianchi will have a restaurant in connection with his wine and saloon business.

Mrs. W. E. Barber gave a very pleasant farewell party to her many lady friends at her residence on Commercial avenue Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Barber will join her husband, who is S. P. agent at Tres Pinos.

Dr. J. C. McGovern, whose professional card appears elsewhere, has opened dental offices in the Donohoe building, San Francisco, but will be found at his present offices, Ingram's Hotel, on Monday and Thursday afternoons of each week.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Post-office building.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

Charles W. Clark, son of United States Senator Clark of Montana and manager of the Clark copper properties in Montana, arrived in San Mateo on Sunday. Mr. Clark, who is several times a millionaire, recently purchased the Hobart residence and grounds here.—Leader, San Mateo.

Land Agent W. J. Martin has been laid up the fore part of this week as the result of a mere scratch of his leg by a bit of barbed wire. The slight injury developed inflammation, which made it necessary for Mr. Martin to take a rest and call in Dr. Plymire. We understand no serious consequences are apprehended, and that Mr. Martin will be about as usual in a day or two.

San Jose, November 24.—The Southern Pacific Company is losing no time now in the laying of its double track to San Jose. Large forces of men are scattered along the line of the road between here and San Francisco, actively laying the track or making way for it. The surveying crew reached Santa Clara Saturday afternoon and were in that place today setting their stakes for the graders. In a very few days they will reach San Jose, when their part will be done. It is stated that fully three-fourths of all the work has been completed for bringing the second track to San Jose. It is said on good authority that all the work will be done and the track ready for trains by the first of the year.—S. F. Chronicle.

CUPID REIGNS.

Married, at Ocean View, November 26, 1902, Rev. Father James Cooper officiating, Peter D. Broner and Miss Clara M. D. Schutt. The little god of love has ruled and reigned with absolute and undivided sway throughout the lives of this happily wedded pair. These two, now one, have grown up together here in this neighborhood from their earliest childhood to the Thanksgiving eve when they were wed, and at the altar of love became man and wife; they have been always together, each necessary to the complete life of the other.

Every one for miles away knows honest, bluff, good-natured Pete Broner, and the fair bride, pretty charming Clara Schutt, and all join with The Enterprise in wishing the happy pair health, happiness and a long and prosperous life.

Mr. and Mrs. Broner will begin housekeeping in the Benjamin cottage on Lux avenue.

FOR SALE.

Lot 50x140, with cottage of four rooms, bath, basement, laundry, etc. For price and terms apply to Mrs. H. M. Hawkins.

PERA'S LARK CAME HIGH.

Natale Pera had a little lark the other day that cost him \$30, and yet he didn't have a good time. The lark was a meadow lark, and Pera shot it just over the San Mateo county border, in defiance of the law that prohibits shooting near the city limits, and in face of the State's recent legislation protecting its song birds. Pera was caught by Deputy Fish Commissioner Robert Carroll, who took him before Justice E. E. Cunningham, who fined the offender \$30. Pera thought it high for any lark, especially as he could have bought a live one for \$5.—S. F. Chronicle.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.
An equable and healthful climate.
The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

NOTICE.

For Sale—Two cottages near the Postoffice. Four large rooms, hall, large pantry and bath each. Hot and cold water, electric bells. Size of lot, 50x140 feet. Will be sold if taken soon for \$2300, for the lot and two houses. For terms and particulars call on or address C. L. Benjamin, No. 113 Ninth street, San Francisco, Cal., or E. E. Cunningham at Postoffice, South San Francisco, Cal.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

FOR SALE.

Good improved business lot. Pays good interest on price asked. Inquire of E. E. Cunningham.

FOR SALE.

A dwelling house with chickens and chicken houses near the packing house of the Western Meat Company. For price and terms inquire of R. P. Williamson.

THE CARIBS OF DOMINICA.

Pierce Savages Who Have Dropped Their Man Eating Ways.

A recent colonial report on the Caribs of Dominica is interesting. Very mysterious is the origin of the fierce savages, now almost extinct, who were in possession of the smaller West Indian islands when the first white man burst "into that silent sea." They showed a distinct Mongolian character, and it would be hard to distinguish a Carib infant from a Chinese child. Some twenty years ago a Chinaman who had drifted to Dominica declared the Caribs to be his own people and married a pure bred Carib woman. The resultant child showed no deviation from the native type.

Today they have dropped their man eating ways, but in the sixteenth century they scoured the Spanish main in search of human food, and from Porto Rico alone are said to have taken more than 5,000 men to be eaten. Though Spaniards, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, negroes, or Arrows, were all meat to them, yet these Caribs seem to have shown preference for certain nationalities. Davis, for instance, in his "History of the Caribby Islands," tells us that "the Caribbeans have tested of all the nations that frequented them and affirm that the French are the most delicate and the Spaniards are hardest of digestion." Laborde also, in one of his jaunts in St. Vincent, appears to have overtaken on the road a communicative Carib who was beguiling the tedium of his journey by gnawing at the remains of a boiled human foot. This gentleman only ate Arrowskaws. "Christians," he said, "give me the bellyache."

Bret Harte.

In an article of reminiscences Mary Stuart Boyd says that Bret Harte never outbrided his personality. He also had a dread of people regarding him for his work only, not for himself. "Why didn't you tell me it was Bret Harte who sat next me at dinner last night?" wailed one of society's smartest young matrons in a note to her hostess the morning after a large dinner party. "I have always longed to meet him, and I would have been so different had I only known who my neighbor was." "Now, why can't a woman realize that this sort of thing is insulting?" queried the author, to whom the hostess had forwarded her friend's letter. "If Mrs. — talked with me and found me uninteresting as a man, how could she expect to find me interesting because I was an author?"

A synonym.

"What? Fifty cents a box for those pills?" cried the customer. "Why, it's robbery."

"I wouldn't say that," returned the druggist coolly.

"No. Since pills are under discussion, I'd try to be humorous and call 'em 'pillage.'"—Philadelphia Press.

OLD FAVORITES

My Ain Cuntree.

I am far frae my hame, an' I'm weary
afternwhiles,
For the langed-for hame-bringing, an' my
Father's welcome smiles
I'll ne'er be fu' content until mine een
do see
The golden gates o' heaven, an' my ain
cuntree.

The earth is flecked wi' flowers, mony-
tinted, fresh, an' gay,
The birdies warble blithely, for my
Father made them sae;
But these sights an' these sounds will be
naething to me
When I hear the angels singing in my ain
cuntree.

I've His gude word of promise, that some
gladsome day the King
To his ain royal palace his banished hame
will bring
Wi' 'een an' wi' hearts runnin' o'er, we
shall see
The King in his beauty, an' our ain
cuntree.

My sins ha' been mony, an' my sorrows
ha' been sair,
But there they'll ne'er mair vex me, ne'er
remembered mair.
Mis bluid hath made me white, His hand
shall dry mine ee,
When He brings me hame at last to my
ain cuntree.

Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie
to its nest;
I wad fain be gangin' noo to my Sa-
viour's breast,
For he gathers in His bosom witless,
worthless lambs like me,
And he carries them himself to his ain
cuntree.

He's faithful, that hath promised; He'll
surely come again;
He'll keep his trust wi' me, at what hour
I dinna ken;
But He bids me still to watch, an' ready
aye to be
To gang at any moment to my ain
cuntree.

So I'm watching aye, an' singin' o' my
hame as I wait,
For the sun'in' o' His footfa' this side
the golden gate.
God gie His grace to ilka ane wha' listens
noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to our
ain cuntree.
—Mary Lee Demarest.

Long, Long Ago.
Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
Long long ago, long long ago;
Sing me the songs I delighted to hear,
Long long ago, long long ago.
Now you are come all my grief is re-
mored,
Let me forget that so long you have royd,
Let me believe that you love as you loyd,
Long long ago, long ago.

Do you remember the path where we met,
Long long ago, long long ago?
Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would
forget.
Long long ago, long long ago.
Then to all others my smile you preferred,
Love when you spoke gave a charm to
each word,
Still my heart treasures the praises I
heard,
Long long ago, long ago.

Though by kindness my fond hopes were
rais'd,
Long long ago, long long ago,
You by more eloquent lips have been
prais'd,
Long long ago, long long ago;
But by long absence your truth has been
tried,
Still to your accents I listen with pride,
Blest as I was when I sat by your side,
Long long ago, long ago.

The "Lounge Game."

The "lounge game" has been played at least once in Brooklyn and twice in New York; perhaps oftener, but these are the only cases the police have heard of. The mode of operation is like this: A wagon drives up to a house, and one of the two men in charge rings the door bell and says: "We have a sofa here bought by Mr. A., who ordered it sent up." "But Mr. A. has ordered no sofa," the lady of the house responds. "There is some mistake."

"Not a bit of it; he bought it and paid for it, and all we can do is to leave it." The lady is not convinced, but she is asked to pay nothing, can make no reasonable demur, so in comes the lounge, that is usually taken to a second floor. In a couple of hours, back come the men. All a mistake; was meant for another man of the same name, at the other end of the town. The furniture is placed again in the wagon, and carried away. Some time later the lady of the house misses her jewelry and other small valuables. She cannot imagine where they have gone to. The men with the wagon know. There was a hollow place in the lounge, large enough to hold a small man, and store away a lot of clothing, knick-knacks and jewelry. The goods had gone away with the lounge.

Overreached.

"Yes, Merchant's scheme was to display his goods in his window with a lot of mirrors back of them, so that all the women passing would be sure to stop and look in."
"Pretty good idea, eh?"
"Yes, but it failed. None of the women looked at anything but the mirrors."—London (Ont.) Advertiser.

Gossip never dies; people are still gossiping about Lord Byron and his wife, although they never lived in this country, and have been dead a great many years.

People who do the least, talk most about being tired.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF SAN MATEO.

In the matter of the Estate of HARRISON M. HAWKINS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of order of the superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of San Mateo, made on the 24th day of November, 1902, in the matter of the Estate of Harrison M. Hawkins, deceased, the undersigned, the administratrix of said estate, will sell, at private sale, to the highest bidder for cash, in lawful money of the United States, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after the 16th day of December, 1902, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Harrison M. Hawkins at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law, or otherwise acquired since his death, in and to all those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land, situated, lying and being in the County of San Mateo, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

1st. Lot numbered nine (9) in block numbered one hundred two (102), as shown on the map of said San Francisco, filed in the office of the Recorder of the County of San Mateo, in Redwood City, California, and recorded March 2nd, 1902.

2nd. Commencing on the South line of Baden Avenue, distant thereon, westerly, three hundred (300) feet from the West line of Spruce Avenue, running thence westerly, on said line of Baden Avenue, fifty (50) feet; thence, at right angles, southerly, one hundred forty (140) feet; thence, at right angles, easterly, fifty (50) feet; thence, at right angles, northerly, one hundred forty (140) feet to the point of commencement. Being lot thirty-four (34) in block one hundred (100) in the town of South San Francisco.

Terms and Conditions of sale: Cash, gold coin of the United States, to be paid ten per cent on day of sale, balance on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court. Deed at expense of purchaser.

Any offer for both or either of the above described properties must be in writing, and may be made or left and will be received at any time after the first publication of this notice, and before the making of the sale, at the residence of the undersigned, on the South side of Grand Avenue, in the town of South San Francisco, State of California, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

Dated November 25, 1902.

PHILIP A. HAWKINS,

Administratrix of the Estate of Harrison M. Hawkins, deceased.

JAMES B. FERRAN, Attorney for Administratrix.

388 Parrott Building, San Francisco.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Desirable cattle of all kinds are selling at steady prices.

SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at steady prices.

HOGS—Hogs are in demand, but at steady prices.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand, with some products lower.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are for the following: Sheep, 10c; Cattle, 10c; Hogs, 10c.

CATTLE—No. 1 Fat Native Steers, 8 1/2c; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 7 1/2c; No. 3 Cows and Heifers, 6 1/2c; No. 4 Cows and Heifers, 5 1/2c; No. 5 Cows and Heifers, 4 1/2c; No. 6 Cows and Heifers, 3 1/2c; No. 7 Cows and Heifers, 2 1/2c; No. 8 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 9 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 10 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 11 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 12 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 13 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 14 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 15 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 16 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 17 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 18 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 19 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 20 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 21 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 22 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 23 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 24 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 25 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 26 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 27 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 28 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 29 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 30 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 31 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 32 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 33 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 34 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 35 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 36 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 37 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 38 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 39 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 40 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 41 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 42 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 43 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 44 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 45 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 46 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 47 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 48 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 49 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 50 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 51 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 52 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 53 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 54 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 55 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 56 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 57 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 58 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 59 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 60 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 61 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 62 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 63 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 64 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 65 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 66 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 67 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 68 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 69 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 70 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 71 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 72 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 73 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 74 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 75 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 76 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 77 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 78 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 79 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 80 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 81 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 82 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 83 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 84 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 85 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 86 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 87 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 88 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 89 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 90 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 91 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 92 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 93 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 94 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 95 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 96 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 97 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 98 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 99 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 100 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 101 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 102 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 103 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 104 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 105 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 106 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 107 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 108 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 109 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 110 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 111 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 112 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 113 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 114 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 115 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 116 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 117 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 118 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 119 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 120 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 121 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 122 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; No. 123 Cows and Heifers, 1 1/2c; 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"But she used to be considered quite a beauty." "That was before her father failed."

Strappes—Five pounds for a bonnet! Madam, it is a crime! Mrs. S.—Well, the crime will be on my own head.—Glasgow Evening Times.

When you have a disagreeable duty to perform it is best to do it at once and get it off your mind. Another good way is to get somebody to do it for you.

Mrs. Meek—But how do you know that he is a married man? Did he say he was? Mr. Meek—No; but he looked sympathetic when I told him I was.

On the Shore: "How sweet it would be to live alone with you in yonder lighthouse!" he whispered, tenderly. "Yes," she murmured, abstractedly; "and do light housekeeping."—Smart Set.

"I asked the young woman in front of me to remove her big hat so that I could see the stage." "Did she do it?" "No, she said if she held her hat in her lap, she couldn't see the stage herself."—Tit-Bits.

Knew the Symptoms: Mr. Beach—Here is a letter from Charles. Mrs. Beach—Read it. Mr. Beach (reading)—"My dearest, dearest mother"—great heavens! the young scoundrel needs money.—Tit-Bits.

"Are you a real Indian?" asked the investigating youth of one of the painted Indians who accompanied Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. "Sure!" replied the Indian: "I was born an' raised in Indianapolis, Indiana."

Professional Advice: Patient—What would you advise me to do for dyspepsia, doctor? Dr. DeQuick—Well, if you want it real bad, hire a cheap cook, and eat irregularly. Two dollars, please.—Chicago News.

A Swampston Incident: "Mercy on us!" cried the investor: "do you have earthquakes here?" "Be easy," replied the land-boomer: "we run out o' quinine yesterday, an' that's only the town marshal a-havin' a chill."—Atlanta Constitution.

"And what brought you to this?" asked the good man, who was passing through the police station. "De hurry-up wagon," replied the tough boy behind the bars; "did yer tink I came in a tally-ho, wid somebody on top, tootin' a horn?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Just to His Taste: "How will you have your eggs cooked?" asked the waiter. "Make any difference in the cost o' 'em?" inquired the customer, cautiously. "No." "Then cook 'em with a nice slice o' ham," said he, greatly relieved.—Kansas City Independent.

Mame—My steady blew me off ter supper at a regular restaurant last night. Mag—Say, they tell me he's real refined. Mame—Dat's w'at! He's poured his coffee out in 'is saucer ter cool it, he didn't blow it like some guys would, but just fanned it wid 'is Panama.—Philadelphia Press.

A golfing magazine tells the story of a man who applied for the secretaryship of a club. "You understand," said the captain, "that we want a secretary who is thoroughly accustomed to managing men." "In that case," answered the applicant, sadly, "I'm afraid it's not me you want, but my wife." He was bunkered.

"Music is a very desirable accomplishment," said Mehltable's mother. "That's right," answered her father. "If a girl likes a young man she can play comic opera and make him feel perfectly at home, and if she doesn't she can give him a few samples from a sonata and make him weary."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Minns—Mary, it was one o'clock this morning when you got in. I heard you. Mary—Well, ma'am, if I was you I'd take something to make me sleep better. I took my shoes off down in the kitchen and didn't make no more noise than a cat would. I've been kind of worried about you for a good while.

An old soldier was boasting of his experience during the Civil War, when he was asked: "How many rebels did you kill during the war?" "How many did I kill? How many did I kill?" repeated the old veteran; "well, I don't know exactly how many, but I killed as many of them as they did of me."—Ohio State Journal.

Waiter—Hear, all you, just stop putting up those other orders and attend to mine at once. The Cook—But this beefsteak is for a man who's just come in on a train that was stuck in the snow three days, with no supplies on board. Waiter—That's nothing compared with my case. Why, the party's just returned from a swell banquet.

Mrs. Gruby—Yes, I'm afraid that Johnny is really sick. When I went out, leaving him in the house alone, I told him not to go to the pantry and meddle with the jam. Mr. Gruby—And of course he went and filled himself with it. Mrs. Gruby—No, dear; that's the alarming thing; he didn't go near the jam.—Boston Transcript.

This is a pretty good one, and the "credit" belongs to the Tip-of-the-Tongue man of the New York Press. "Who's your friend?" "He's our credit man." "Credit man? Introduce me. A very responsible position in a big house like yours." "Oh, he's not credit man of the firm. He's credit man of our crowd, our gang of acquaintances, our understand. When any of us does anything clever and brilliant he claims the credit of it."

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

How To Get Rich.

IN the last book which he has published Mr. Andrew Carnegie makes the observation that, if a man wishes to become very rich, he must acquire his possessions by means of the profits of business, and must not depend upon a salary, since, no matter how large a salary may be, the one who is dependent upon it can never become a very rich man. Of course, the term rich as Mr. Carnegie uses it is a relative one. It is more than a generation ago that a well-known New York banker made the statement that, for personal convenience, it was better to be worth \$500,000 than to be rich, and probably at the present time, with the new opportunities and demands for money, he or his successor would say that, for personal comfort, it was better to be worth a million or two of dollars than to be rich; because, with modern conditions of life, where there are several persons who rightly estimate their wealth at more than \$100,000,000, and a considerable number have the right to consider themselves worth a score or more of millions, the man possessing a million dollars may be looked upon as well to do and entirely independent financially, and yet not a man who could be graded as a really rich man. Taking this view of the case, one can understand Mr. Carnegie's position, for even if Mr. Schwab, the president of the United States Steel Corporation, receives, as rumor reports that he does, the salary of \$1,000,000 a year, he cannot hope, with the mental and physical exertions which the duties of his position throw upon him, to draw this salary for a sufficient number of years to allow him in his savings to pile up \$30,000,000 or \$40,000,000. The thought to which Mr. Carnegie's statement gives rise is to be found in a direction to which he apparently had no intention of turning it. His point was that young men should not be tempted into taking salaried positions, because the possibilities of large money making do not exist in these. They should endeavor to associate themselves, sooner or later, in such business as they enter on the basis of securing its profits. Now, unfortunately, the entire tendency of industrial development in this country is toward taking away from young men these opportunities which Mr. Carnegie insists they should seek after and greatly value. The tendency is towards merging all classes of production under the control of the great, overruling corporations, those having salaried men to manage their affairs. The last ten years have witnessed a tremendous reduction made in the possibilities of independent action by business men, and if this tendency keeps on—which now has little indication of cessation—it will more and more take away the opportunity of a young man possessing great ability to go into the world and make a great fortune, as Mr. Carnegie made his, by reaping a profit from the labor of others.—Boston Herald.

Should Women Work?

OUR contemporary the London Chronicle has been discussing the question, "Should Women Work?" as if women had not been doing the world's hard work since creation. A few play the role of idle butterflies, but the great majority of the women do all the work, the reward, among savages, of the women do all the work, the lords exerting themselves only in the chase and in war. Progress—civilization—has consisted largely in getting man to do something for a living. Even to-day man's work is only "from sun to sun, while woman's work is never done." She has no "eight-hour day." A twelve-hour day would be a boon to most wives who in the case of the house and children are always "doing overtime." There is nothing more pathetic than the sight—so often seen—of a hard-working, conscientious mother who literally wears her life out in unheralded toil, thankless and not expecting thanks.

In many families, however, the work is badly distributed, to the injury of all concerned. The mother does too much, her daughters too little. While the former shortens her days in trying to let her children "have a good time," the latter fail to realize the benefit for body and mind of being held to moderate work. Labor has a tonic effect. It is good for the muscles, the morals and the mind. Many of the Chronicle's correspondents are women who express the selves as well satisfied to earn their living by their own exertions. They are all the better for it. Women as well as men have use for the old saying that "Satan finds work for idle hands." There's nothing for man or woman like having a serious and practical purpose in life—an aim that calls forth one's best impulses and exertions.—Baltimore Sun.

School Teachers and Marriage.

WHILE school teachers are not ashamed of their profession—there is no reason why they should be—it is notable that when they go out of town for the vacation, and whenever they depart for a time from their pedagogical haunts, they carefully refrain from advertising the fact that they are teachers. This conceit is attempted, too, notwithstanding that many men pretend to be able to pick out a teacher on sight. One school teacher has made a clean breast of her motive in concealing the fact that she is a teacher. She says: "My chief reason is that teachers do not find husbands. Most of them become old maids. Men are shy of them. The career of an old maid has its advantages, and it is no disgrace to be an old maid, but I hope to marry and quit teaching, and I don't want to spoil my chances. I don't care what people may think."

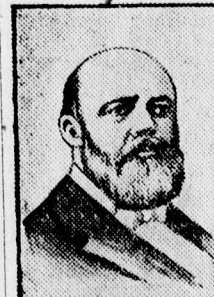
REAL SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

He Gave Up a Spanish Title to Fight for Cuba's Liberation.

There died in New York a few days ago a man who gave his name as John Mahoney. In a bulky envelope was manuscript which told the story of his life:

"I was born in London," he said, "forty-three years ago. My parents were sufficiently well-to-do to give me a good education, but, my father dying, my mother married again, and I left home when I was 18, to seek my fortune in the new world. I came of fighting stock and when, after landing in America, I found myself penniless, I enlisted in the United States army as the most natural profession for me to follow. I served a single term of enlistment. There was trouble in Central America and I went there. I took part in several revolutions, selling my sword to the side that offered the best prospect of reward. I acquired the title of general before I was 25."

"While participating with one of the Central American revolutions I had the good fortune to meet a Spanish nobleman, who, with his wife and lovely daughter, were visiting their estates. The man was the Duke of Medinaceli. Because I was able to show him some courtesies he considered himself under obligations to me, and when he returned to Spain he invited me to come and visit him. I went to Spain, attracted not so much by the cordiality of the duke's invitation as the charms of his daughter, and before long I was the accepted suitor for her hand. I married the duke's daughter and a daughter was born to us. If she still lives she is a young woman now, but I shall



JOHN MAHONEY.

always remember her as my baby girl. For several years I was happy, until my young wife died suddenly. Her brother, the only other child of the duke, followed her to the grave, and the duke and duchess were about to take legal steps to make me the heir to their title and estates when the old feeling of restlessness, which had been stilling by the happiness of my domestic life, rose strong within me again. Leaving the little girl with her grandparents, I sailed away and have never been in Spain since.

"I was married under the name of Juan Burbonne, for I changed my name as easily as I did my sword. I came over to Cuba, and for three years fought against the Spaniards. Then I changed my name again, and as Edouard Garcia prospected for gold in Mexico. At last consumption, the hereditary enemy of my race, seized me in its grip. The moist, damp climate of the semi-tropics would have ended me in short order. I made for the North, the cold, inhospitable North, in the hope that the rigorous climate might prolong my days. But it was too late. At Montreal I was taken so ill that I could not stand. I went to the Victoria Hospital, where careful nursing brought me back from the grave for the time being. But I knew that I was dying, and I felt a strange desire to see some one of kin to me before I passed away. I was again penniless, and I wrote to my relatives in New York. They sent me the money to come on, and now I am here, dying in Bellevue."

MODERN AIDS TO NOVELTISTS.

Manner in Which the Popular Writers Collect Their Material. Just as rapidly as the public demands anything in large quantities nature supplies the mechanism which will gratify the want. At the present time there is an insatiable market for historical novels of all sorts and kinds. When, therefore, the historical novelist

or say about this frank statement of my ambition. Nine-tenths of the teachers in the department are just as anxious to marry as I am, but they are not so honest in confessing it. That's the solemn truth."

It would be both difficult and dangerous to inquire whether school teachers, as a class, are desperately anxious to find husbands who will relieve them of the necessity of teaching, but the allegation that teachers are not bargains in the matrimonial market, and that men are even positively disinclined to marry teachers, is so shocking that it calls for query and comment.

The teacher ought to be especially attractive to men, for the work she does tends to stir her brain and make her think, and to give her a certain self-reliance and force of character which fit her to be the intellectual as well as the domestic companion of man. The average school teacher is a very high-grade woman, and it is a painful surprise to be told that the men neglect her.

If it be true that the percentage of teachers who find husbands is less than the percentage of other girls who marry, the fault lies, no doubt, in the teachers rather than in the men. Perhaps the teacher gives so much time and thought to her school work that the young men have not sufficient opportunity to cultivate her acquaintance. Perhaps the nervous strains of teaching tend to make her less beautiful than her sisters who have neither care nor labor to dim the damask of their cheeks, or wrinkle the softness of their skin. Whatever be at the bottom of this neglect of the teachers by men, the loss is the men's, for the best quality of womanhood is teaching in the schools.—San Francisco Bulletin.

The Passion For Gambling.

ONE of the most thoroughly ingrained passions in the human race is the desire to gamble, not the crude wish of the ignorant man to get something for nothing, but the eager and brilliant-hued expectation of the man of experience to risk some possession of his against some part of his neighbor's goods, in the hope of becoming by this means the possessor of both. And that this is by no means to be confounded with mere lust for money is proved by the prevalence of this feeling among very rich men, to whom the acquisition of a few hundreds of thousands of dollars cannot by any possibility bring added comfort or enjoyment.

It is in the contest of his brain against another's, the placing of his army in the field to capture or be captured by his opponent's, that the lover of gambling takes his delight. Such a passion is as often seen in a little gutter-snipe risking his pennies with another gamer at craps as it is in the gray-haired financier twisting the market into a corner to squeeze the last cent out of his opposing acquaintance on the other side of the movement.

Writers on economics almost without exception fail to grasp this idea, and point out the folly of gambling to its devotees on the ground that the money gained is almost invariably spent in a reckless fashion, and that the confirmed gambler is thus eventually bound to lose. They do not see that it is the excitement of the contest, the emotional thrill caused by the conflict, that is more frequently desired, not the gain of a certain amount of money.—Albany Argus.

Stop the Waste of the Forests.

VERY important natural resource of Colorado, as of all the Rocky Mountain States, is the timber that clothes the mountain sides. It is needed for railroad ties, mine timbers, bridge work and general building of a large range of variety. As the country is settled, and as industrial development proceeds, this timber comes more and more into use, and naturally is more and more essential to the growth of the whole Rocky Mountain region. But notwithstanding the need for every stick that is growing on those mountains the destruction of that timber by forest fires is increasing every year. Vast areas are swept, the timber is killed and any yield of timber from those burning tracts is out of the question for a whole lifetime. And yet there seems to be no way to stop this needless destruction of values. If there is any, at any rate, the people of the region have not found it.—Davenport Democrat.

Build a New Home for the President.

THE increasing public business and the urgent needs of society demand a different arrangement for the presidential offices and home. This is an unmistakable fact. The President's home should not be in the present White House. The whole building should be devoted to office purposes and public functions. The President should have a suitable residence in a healthy locality, suited for his social receptions and entirely separate from the offices. The White House has a historical value and as a specimen of architecture it will stand the test. There is no need to change it and it would be absurd to enlarge it at great cost for the purpose of holding the family there. It is no place for the family. Even if in time it becomes insufficient for office purposes, it should still be left as it is and devoted to other purposes, and new offices built. The American people have some sentiment and are able to house the President well without doing violence to that sentiment. The question will come up: it will be forced on Congress sooner or later. Public sentiment should make itself known in time, that the right thing may be done.—Milwaukee Journal.

sketches out a plot, he would, if left to himself, require several months of hard study in some large library in order to obtain accurate material and local color. Creative genius does not enjoy research and investigation.

What he does, therefore, is to make a plot or scenario of his story and a requisition for material. This will include a description of the towns and cities and the times wherein the story is placed, pen pictures and anecdotes of any historical characters introduced into the piece, and a brief collection of the sayings, jokes, poems and popular songs of the period. He then goes to the libraries and interviews several professional bookworms who have lately developed this work into a recognized industry. These patient purveyors of information are known in the libraries as "the shadows of the novelists" who employ them. Their work is pleasant but monotonous. Long practice has made them familiar with the books so that they know exactly where to turn, which is nine-tenths of the battle.

One of them, a middle-aged but bright-eyed Daughter of the Revolution, says the New York Post, who has become a specialist in this field of work and calls herself "a searcher for novelists," showed me her order book and chatted with me about her work. "Mr. X—, who is running a serial story in Barker's Monthly, wants ten jokes about Gen. Israel Putnam. I sent him fifteen from which he will select ten. If I had not done this he would have growled and declared that any schoolboy could have secured these from a fifth reader."

Fruit Trees in Germany.

A census has recently been taken of Germany's fruit trees. There are 806 fruit trees to every square mile of territory in the German Empire, in the following proportions: Plum, 332; apple, 261; pear, 119; and cherry, 104. There are about three trees to every inhabitant.

WOMEN Haul PLOW ROPE.



Much has been written about the use of women as beasts of burden in Europe, and photographs have shown them attached to ropes drawing boats on Holland canals, and sometimes yoked with the animals pulling farm implements. It may not be generally known that in some of the foreign colonies of the Northwest women have furnished the power for turning over many an acre of sod and converting it into fields for raising grain. The accompanying illustration is from a photograph taken in Manitoba, and shows a Bohemian farmer furrowing the virgin prairie with a team of fourteen female members of the colony. Several of them are over 50 years of age.

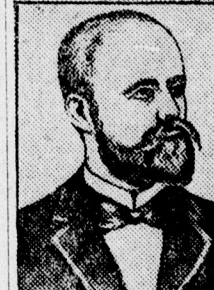
WHERE WAR RUNS RIOT.

South American Republic of Venezuela Torn by Revolution.

A South American country without a war of some kind or another on its hands, either in actual progress or in immediate prospect, would be an anomaly. At present the republic of Venezuela is torn with revolution, and recently a seven days' battle was fought between the revolutionists and government forces in which 3,000 men were killed on the former side.

The head of the government troops was Cipriano Castro, President of the republic, and to his daring and brilliant charges was due the defeat of the revolutionists.

The head of the revolution is General Matos, an aspirant to the Presidential



PRESIDENT CASTRO.

office. Instead of settling their political battles in Venezuela and in many other Latin republics with the ballot these hot-headed Southerners resort to bullets and generally every change in the occupant of the Presidential chair is marked by civil strife. The ambition of General Matos to become President is the cause of the present revolution.

The federation of states which constitute the republic of Venezuela forms a country larger in extent than France, Germany and the Netherlands combined. The eastern part of the coast was discovered by Columbus in 1498 and the whole coast the year after. The first settlement was made in 1520 at Cumana, which is consequently one of the oldest cities in the new world.

The rule of Spain over Venezuela remained unchanged until 1806, when General Miranda headed an insurrection for the liberation of the country. He succeeded in breaking the Spanish power for a time, but after a number of bloody encounters the rule of Spain was resumed.

The next important event in Venezuelan history was when Simon Bolivar undertook and accomplished the liberation of the people. In July, 1811, the declaration of independence was signed in Caracas, the capital, distant some ten miles from La Guayra, the port of entry, but the maintenance of the independence so declared involved a continuous war for ten years. Finally, at the battle of Carabobo, the Bolivar forces completely routed the royalist army, and the freedom of the republic of Venezuela, bought with the blood of patriots, was assured. It was not until the year 1845, however, that the Spanish government acknowledged Venezuela's independence, a treaty of peace being that year signed at Madrid.

The city of Caracas has been twice entirely destroyed by earthquakes. On the 26th of March, 1812, two successive upheavals occurred, each of ten seconds' duration. The city was totally demolished, and more than 10,000 people were buried in the ruins. The greater number of those who survived perished from hunger or from the pestilence which followed.

It seems wonderful that a people would have the courage to rebuild on such a spot, but the population to-day exceeds 70,000. In many respects it is a beautiful place. The streets are wide and many buildings artistic in architecture.



A CARIB INDIAN HUT.

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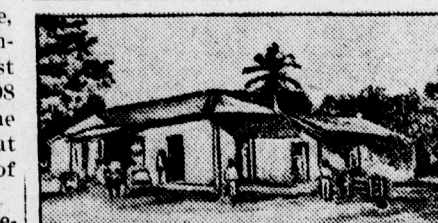
ture, not a few being of imposing size. Numerous squares are planted with rare southern flowers, whose perfume and beauty add a decided charm to the city as a place of residence.

The chief product of Venezuela is coffee. Its cultivation is limited to the mountainous district, it being impossible to grow it profitably below an altitude of 2,000 feet. The llanos, or plains, below are devoted to the cattle industry. The richness of these lands renders them exceedingly profitable and vast herds roam over them at will.

The southern portion of Venezuela is drained by the Orinoco River, the mouth of which is nine miles wide. The coast is a level stretch of land covered with forests of mangroves. These trees are peculiar in having the greater portion of their roots above earth; the rains wash down the river millions of tons of loose earth and leave the mangrove tree standing with a precarious hold on the burning sand. The shores of the river are at all times covered with great flocks of flamingoes. Here, also, is the home of the alligator, and at times the shores are black with the repulsive saurians.

Only a few savages live in this part of Venezuela—the Caribs of the Orinoco delta—creatures not a great deal above the alligator in intelligence and industry. They lead a careless, easy life, and, when not sleeping, spend their time in fishing from crude canoes, or trapping wild birds. Their roof is the sky, and their bed is in the tree branches. Like savage people everywhere, they are superstitious; their rites and forms are fantastic and morbid. When one of the tribe dies they place his body in a canoe suspended upon high poles or swung from the tops of trees, take their departure, and ever afterward avoid the place as though it held some evil influence powerful enough to work their destruction.

The Orinoco is navigable by ocean steamships for 100 miles, and at the point where the stream begins to narrow stands the city of Ciudad Bolivar,



VENUEZUELA PLANTER'S RESIDENCE.

named in honor of the liberator. The frequent and sudden rises of the Orinoco convert the lower streets of the city into waterways where small boats may be navigated. During one great flood in recent years the river rose ninety feet, coming up so rapidly and unexpectedly that 3,000 lives were lost.

Venezuela takes its name from the discovery by the early voyagers of an Indian people who lived in huts constructed on piles driven into the shallow water along the shore of the great Lake Maracaybo. To this aboriginal village they gave the name of Little Venice, or Venezuela, as it is rendered in Spanish. In time the name spread to the whole of the upper coast. It is interesting, as a measure of conditions since then, to note that cave dwellers still live along the shore of Lake Maracaybo, much the same as in the days of Columbus.

She Will Keep Her Word.

When Grandmother Pettingill makes up her mind, she is as firm as a rock; nothing can move her. Perhaps it was on this account that when she returned from the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Shrubville and made such a determined declaration, nobody attempted to influence her.

"I've been there and it's over with," she said, "and now I'm home safe, after all the noise and bands and scared horses and crying children and men making speeches, I want to tell you one thing. I sha'n't ever go to another centennial in Shrubville, no matter what the circumstances are, and no matter who asks me. You children may as well bear that in mind."

Oddities in a Business Firm.

A firm is doing business in Washington street, Buffalo, under the name of English & Irish. Still more odd is the fact that English is an Irishman and Irish is of English parentage.

We are not very particular, but we'd hate to live with a hero. Ordinary plug people are good enough for us.

then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing.



"Mother," said Mary, innocently, looking up from a prolonged cuddling of her

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the tall man, or not to let him, if I don't want to set on the jury?"—Chicago Tribune.

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Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles** of **Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

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TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

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